

IT'S ALWAYS POURIN'

Written by

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ACT I

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAWN

WILLIAM (33) the kind of person who's fun at parties, but last to leave, and MR. COLFAX (50) the kind of person who accounts for everything, speak from either side of a messy desk.

WILLIAM

And when will these *alterations* go into effect.

Colfax presses an ink blotter, then stamps a document.

COLFAX

End of day, Mr. Barber.

WILLIAM

Good. That's good. And my wife?

COLFAX

Did you sign a preup?

WILLIAM

Fuck no. Are you insane?

COLFAX

Then you have nothing to worry about.

Colfax slides a packet of pages into an envelope.

WILLIAM

Great. I don't want that bitch to get a cent. She's going to be so embarrassed.

Colfax hands William the parcel.

COLFAX

Just one thing, Bill-
(beat)
Who's Ronald?

WILLIAM

He's my bartender.

CUT TO:

INT. PADDY'S IRISH PUB - DAY

RONALD (45) the kind of person who always remembers what you're drinking is behind the bar, serving regulars, pushing around a damp rag, waiting for something to happen.

William swaggers in--jazzed up about something.

WILLIAM
(lively)
Line 'em up, Ronny! Line 'em up!

RONALD
Willy! Just the man I wanted to see. What's the good word?

WILLIAM
Shots! I'd love to get into some shots!

William leaps into his stool.

RONALD
Whiskey.. Irish...Jameson?

William nods his head. William continues, adding range.

He slams a fist on the bar.

WILLIAM
You know it! And pour one for yourself there buddy.

RONALD
Don't mind if I do. Billy boy,
don't mind if I do.

Ronald pours the shots. William puts a crisp twenty down on the bar.

William and Ronald cheers and imbibe.

Ronald starts fixing William a drink.

RONALD (CONT'D)
(rhetorically)
Red label, neat?

WILLIAM
Today, I'm thinking black--make that double-black.

RONALD

Well alright! You're looking pretty dapper there Bill. You hittin' it hard or what?

WILLIAM

I'm celebrating today, baby.

Ronald slides William the drink.

RONALD

Oh yeah? What's the special occasion?

WILLIAM

I'm gonna kill myself.

William takes an inordinate sip from his glass.

RONALD

(taken aback)
What?

WILLIAM

(casually)
Yeah, no, I'm gonna drink myself to death.

Ronald tightens his face and stiffens his posture.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I biffed it, life, ya know? Old W.B. had a good run though, ya know?

William gestures with his hands.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

It's like theres this tiny little parasite, driving me around, that little guy's ready to power me down and move on to the next party host.

Ronald widens his eyes, he almost gasps.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Oh, c'mon! You run a bar. You watch people slowly kill themselves everyday, amirite?

William laughs at his joke and coughs hard--wheezing.

RONALD

(beat)

Where is this coming from William?

WILLIAM

(sings)

From me

To you

*Just call on me and I'll send it
along*

With love, from me to you.

RONALD

Ah, Bill.

William wheezes hard, then swallows the rest of his drink.

WILLIAM

My life, is--a prison. A prison of
my own design. And my wife is
ANNOYING.

RONALD

What are you talking about? You're
rich. You're married, you've got a
kid. You're life kicks ass.

WILLIAM

You mean I got someone pregnant,
married out of high school, missed
out on college, had my career
selected for me, and all I got were
a few dead presidents that I can't
take with me when I go.

William slides his empty glass towards Ronald.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Another. Blue label.

Ronald serves William. William hands Ronald his credit card.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Keep it open.

FADE OUT.

ACT II

FADE IN:

EXT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Ronald approaches the front door of a split-level townhouse.

He RINGS the bell.

JANINE (30) the kind of person who doesn't "believe in" tipping steps outside.

RONALD

Hi, Janine-

JANINE

Aren't you the bartender at Paddy's-

RONALD

Part-owner, actually, we've met on several occasions. I'm Ronald.

JANINE

Ron! Right, right. What brings you by? Bill's not home.

RONALD

I know he isn't. I'm actually here to see you.

JANINE

(mockingly)

Oh? Come by to ask me to a movie, did you?

RONALD

Listen, your husband, Bill, he needs your help. He's in a bad place.

JANINE

Like your bar?

Janine laughs at her joke.

RONALD

Very good. Well, yes. He is at the bar right now drinking himself to death.

Janine is unfazed.

JANINE
 (sincerely)
 Oh, that's fantastic.

RONALD
 What? No, that's not fantastic. The
 man's trying to kill himself.

JANINE
 If he dies, we get money.

RONALD
 Janine, please, we need to show
 Bill that life is worth living.

Janine looks around. She's getting bored of the conversation.

RONALD (CONT'D)
 Your husband loves you. Has he not
 said it? Because I'm telling you he
 just-

JANINE
 No. He told me. He said, "I do not
 love you. You're a bitch."

RONALD
 (impatiently)
 This is about forgiveness Janine.
 Mutual forgiveness, not assigning
 blame.

JANINE
 I blame you too. You, and your bar
 and your liquor.

RONALD
 (incredulously)
 Me?

Janine nods.

RONALD (CONT'D)
 Can we focus here? Let's-let's get
 back to showing Bill that life, is
 happy.

JANINE
 Bill's a lying, cheating, drunk
 piece of trash, and I hope he dies.

Janine steps inside, slamming the door in Ronalds face.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE LINC - DUSK

William and Ronald stand in the parking lot outside of Lincoln Financial Field, where the Philadelphia Eagles play.

WILLIAM

What're we doin' at The Linc?

RONALD

I'm glad you asked, Bill. This is a little something I cooked up. I call it a "reverse intervention." I'm gonna throw one your way.

WILLIAM

"Reverse intervention," huh? Okay. What's that about?

RONALD

Well a traditional intervention, is usually where a group of people-- usually indoors, try to convince a person to stop doing something.

WILLIAM

With ya so far.

RONALD

Whereas a "reverse intervention," is where one person: me, ugh, outdoors, will try to convince you to keep doing something. Which in this case would be--living.

WILLIAM

I think I get it. But that does bring me back to my original question.

Ronald lifts his arms and gestures to the stadium.

RONALD

Okay, so, ugh, I want to show you all the reasons there are to live, Bill. Like a good football game. You know, you get your buds and brews--out on the old gridiron.

Ronald paces with energy.

WILLIAM

And the dog stuff doesn't bother you?

RONALD
Dog stuff? What dog stuff?

William tilts his head.

RONALD (CONT'D)
You're talking about Michael Vick?
The birds had nothing to do with
that!

WILLIAM
Don't be naive, Ron. With the
steroids and the alpha male shit.
If these guys aren't fighting dogs,
their abusing someone at home-

RONALD
Okay. Not a sports guy, that's
fine. Nothin' wrong with that.

Ronald looks around, trying to improvise.

RONALD (CONT'D)
What about just being outside.
Nature. You know?

WILLIAM
Being outside is good.

RONALD
Right? Life is happy.

WILLIAM
Of course--it always reminds me of
the P.N.R.

RONALD
The what?

WILLIAM
You know, the point of no return.
The Paris Agreement?

RONALD
I don't really follow the news.

WILLIAM
Jesus man. Well, basically if all
the countries of the world don't
get down to net zero carbon
emission by 2050, the luckiest of
us will be living in a dystopian
hellscape.

Ronald hangs his head, squints his eyes and pinches the bridge of his nose. William's speech is less slurred.

RONALD

No, yeah, I've never heard that before. A bit distressing, actually. Is anybody doing anything about this?

WILLIAM

Oh, yeah.

RONALD

Great what're we doing about it.

WILLIAM

Not us.

RONALD

The Japanese?

WILLIAM

Denmark.

RONALD

Denmark? What's Denmark going to do? Dig up Hans Christian Andersen and have his ghost fairy-tale us a solution?

William hands his flask to Ronald.

RONALD (CONT'D)

Christ dude, you made outside depressing.

William wheezes hard, finding that amusing.

WILLIAM

I don't know why your trying so hard. You stand to make the most from my death.

RONALD

How do you figure?

WILLIAM

I told you. I made you my prime beneficiary.

RONALD

No you didn't.

FADE OUT.

ACT III

FADE IN:

INT. PADDY'S IRISH PUB - BASEMENT - NIGHT

William and Ronald sit on the floor. They are surrounded by empty beer bottles. Ronald is drunk.

Ronald stands.

RONALD

Alright Willy, I'll leave you to it. It was ah--it was nice knowing you.

William stands.

WILLIAM

(sober)

Ya know, it's the weirdest thing. I'm sitting here, and I don't know maybe I'm sobering up a little bit, but I started thinking you were right, "life is happy."

(beat)

I'm not gonna kill myself!

RONALD

(drunkenly)

No. What? No. Are you serious?

WILLIAM

Dead serious. Ah-hah! I'll find another way to embarrass the wife. Any other bartender would've just sat there, served me all day, kicked me out at closing, and let me die in the street. And they'd have woke up rich in the morning-- *not this guy!*

William vamps into a wheezing fit. Ronald pours out his beer.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You're a good man Ron-

Ronald cracks William behind his head with the empty bottle.

Ronald drags William towards the stairs.

CUT TO BLACK.

END.